
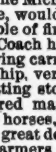


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—OF—
HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS


About 100 head of both sexes and all ages. Several head of **bulls ready for service**, as up to two ages. Choice cows and heifers bred by my prize bulls **Fries Medium and Young Currie**, who have no superiors. A specialty in young pairs not skin for foundation stock. **See Everything registered and guaranteed pure-bred.** Write for catalogue and prices or come and see the herd.

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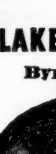

The Michigan Importation Company, of Hillsdale, would call the attention of breeders to their stable of fine imported Coaching and Draft stock of Coach horses make a specialty, as we are buying carriage horses and find the right kind, and to ship very scarce. The American cross bred trotting stock does not produce the average carriage market quality, for rugged, reliable carriage horses, for use, beauty, style and action. For the great demand of the eastern markets.

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—PROPRIETORS OF—
"LAKE VIEW" STOCK FARM
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I have a number of well-bred Canada Clyde horses and some roaster stock which I offer at very low prices to close out. Will sell the entire lot to one party, or will divide as desired. The stock consists of the following:

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Seven brood mares; one high grade stallion four years old; two high grade stallions two years old. Five two year old geldings; one three year old gelding; four snuckers.

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Three brood mares; seven colts one year old three suckers.

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Stock recorded in Ohio Poland-China Record. Correspondence and inspection invited.

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Shorthorns For Sale.

Bulls, heifers, cows, and calves of choice milk tug strains and sired by high bred bulls. For my list

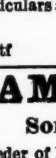
B. J. BIDWELL.
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JAMES BERRY
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Breeder of Holstein-Friesian cattle, Duroc-Jersey swine and Bronze turkeys.

Some fine spring pigs for sale cheap. Do not buy until you get my prices.

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On the farm with us may be seen the finest stock of Shorthorn-bred For Ourelains containing full particulars. Address **H. S. TODD, Wakarusa, Ohio.**

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Stred y Prond Duke of Fairview 50730, Lord Barrington Hillhurst 59341, out of Young Mary, Fylling, Lady Elizabeth, Prud Dribben and Rose of Sharon cows. Also a few calves and heifers. Reliable catalogues always on hand for distribution.

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Address is on the new Michigan & Ohio Railroad. Residence connected with State Telephone.

High-Bred Shorthorn Bulls For Sale.

Parties desiring a first class bull will find it in their interest to look our stock over before buying elsewhere. They are of high individual merit and breeding. Prices low.

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FOR SALE CHEAP.

A splendid Jersey bull Registered A. J. C. O. No. 10061. Three years old. Or will exchange for a good young horse. Address **A. J. FOREWY, Box 106, Adrian, Mich.**

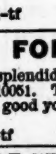
HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS

I have about Twenty head of fine

Cows, Heifers and Calves

for sale at reasonable prices and on easy terms. Write for description, prices and records, stating what is wanted.

A. J. FOREWY,
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Chester White, Blackhead & York Shorthorn, Albany Fries, Scotch, and Oxford Hens, Buckeye and Game Poultry, Red and Golden Wyandotters, and a choice

Poetry.

THE TWO SILENCES.

There are two silences. The one
Is of the lips that breathe no word
In answer to love's pleading voice;
But when the deepest heart is stirred,
Trill tones of love are audible
In flushing cheeks and beaming eyes.
That never was language more complete.
Than that expressed in gentle sighs.

But when the soul is cold and mute;
When eyes no longer eloquent
Responsive to love's fire, are dim,
And when no fainting red is blent
Among the pale pink roses of the face—
Then there is silence truly blank and lone.
Love, let thy lips be dumb, if but thy heart
Will answer in love's reassuring tone!
—The Sundry Traveler.

OCTOBER.

I know by beauty's token,
The crimson and the gold,
The way-side aster nestling,
Its silken purple fold.

The radiant amber-colored,
In air and sea and sky,
The dew-drop's lustre showing
Her frosty lower nigh.

The forest leaves now falling,
Past thro' the songless air,
I know by all these tokens
October's every where.

Miscellaneous.

THE CHIMNEY CUPBOARD.

"Girls never do anything in stories," said Margaret Barber, impatiently throwing down her magazine. "It is always the boys who do things."

"I'm sure," said her grandmother, "that in the story you have been reading, Lucy washed the dishes, swept the kitchen floor, and took care of the baby, while her mother was away—"

"But Horace killed the bear!" interrupted the young girl, still so impatiently that her grandfather laid down his newspaper, took off his steel-rimmed glasses, and looking across the room at a still pretty, plump old lady who was slowly rocking and swiftly knitting, he said:

"Washed the dishes, swept the floor, and took care of the baby, did she? That is just what your Aunt Hannah was left to do the day she was ten years old, when father and mother went to Hartford, and hunchback Pingree came along. If that story could be printed there would be a girl in it that did something, for I was the boy, and I was the baby, and did nothing but scream. Tell us about it, Hannah."

"Oh, yes, Aunt Hannah," cried Margaret, "do tell us!"

And although the plump old lady shook her head at her brother, to begin with, she related, presently, and said:

"Do you see that cupboard there by the fireplace?"

"To be sure," and Margaret's mother, who, with her daughter, was making her first visit at the quaint old homestead. "It is quite distressing me, it looks so old-fashioned with its doors. I should have it taken out if the house was mine."

"No doubt," said Aunt Hannah; "but that has been a serviceable part of the house in its day. It was framed in and finished up when the chimney was built, with little secret drawers that pull out from between the stones of the great chimney."

"My father was quite a business man for those times; he was town clerk and treasurer for years, and he settled all the estates of all the people who died, far and near, so there were always packages of papers and rolls of money belonging to a great many different individuals, in that little cupboard."

"When Captain Pingree died, I remember what father was very much opposed to having anything to do with settling the estate."

"They are an ill-tempered family," I heard him say to my mother, "and that hunchback is like an evil spirit to deal with. His father has advanced him a good deal of money, and holds his shares for the same, yet now he intends to share alike with the other heirs. They will not submit to such injustice, and consequently there will be trouble, that some one else must settle besides me. I can have nothing to do with it."

"My father was honest in that decision; yet that very night papers came to him from the Judge of Probate, authorizing him to act as administrator, and before bed time one of the Pingree brothers came in secretly by the back way, fetching a little tin trunk full of his father's papers."

"I was in the trundle bed, and was supposed to be asleep, but I heard him say, as father locked the tin trunk into the cupboard—"

"The notes that father held against my brother are in there, and he is so determined to get hold of them that we dare not keep them in the house another night. He is like a baby, sir, his mind being as dwarfed as his body; but because he is a man in years, he insists that he is so in intellect, and resents any interference by a legally appointed guardian. Since mother died he has never been under the least restraint. He has had his own will and his own way in everything, and that makes it a hard matter to deal with him. He recognizes no law of obedience or submission, as his will was never broken or even subdued."

"I know it," replied my father. "Some one is to have a trial with him."

"The next morning he repeated these words to my mother, and added:

"I think I will drive into Hartford, and ask Esquire Elsworth what his opinion is in regard to the course that ought to be pursued with that poor fellow. I guess you had better go with me. You and Hannah will be wanting something new?"

"But Hannah will have to stay alone with baby if I go," hesitated my mother.

"That she can do. Is she not ten years old this very day? No possible harm can come to her, and she can care for baby as well as his mother herself," pleasantly said my father.

"I have often staid alone a part of a day," I said. "A whole day is a little longer, but I shall not mind it. I shall be busy washing the dishes, sweeping the floor, and rocking the cradle."

"That settled it, and they soon drove away, leaving me with my little charge."

"About the middle of the forenoon, as I was kneeling by the cradle, feeding the baby with bread and milk, there was a rattle at the outer door, and immediately that hunchback, Pingree, came walking in. Oh, how frightened I was! It makes my flesh creep, even now, to think of it. He was an ugly, misshapen creature, with a repulsive leer on his face, instead of the sweet, patient expression that draws one's heart out to most such unfortunates."

"Where are your folks?" he asked, in a sharp cracked voice, that startled me so that I spilled the milk and choked the baby. "Don't lie to me, now, for I know where they are as well as you do."

"To Hartford," I managed to articulate, at the same time pushing a low chair toward the poor creature, thinking to appease his evident ill-humor by politeness."

"To my horror he passed by the chair, and seated himself in the foot of the cradle. The baby was terrified, now, and giving up coughing, began to scream at the top of his powers. I bent over to take him in my arms, but the hunchback snarled with an evil leer:

"Let the young one alone until you fetch me that tin trunk of papers that my brother left here last night. You saw the box, didn't you?"

"I nodded my head, too much frightened to speak."

"Where is it? Quick now!"

"I pointed to the cupboard, and greatly to the relief of the baby and myself, he crossed the room."

"Locked!" he shouted, trying the door. "Open it, young one!"

"Father has the key," I stammered.

"Think of some other way to open it, then. How would your father open it if the key was lost? Think quick as you can, or I will kill the baby, wring its sinew, white neck as I would a chicken's; then I will set the house on fire and burn up them confounded notes and you with them, so that you won't blab."

"A multitude of confused thoughts rushed through my brain, and upon one of them, half a memory and half a suggestion, I seized with desperation. At the dawn of hope in my heart, my courage returned, and going to the lower door of the cupboard I turned the knob that held a button on the inside, and opened it."

"The bottom of the cupboard, and the one broad shelf above it, my mother used as a huge work-basket, and it was well filled with family sewing and mending. Clearing the shelf, and setting the little splint thread and thimble basket in a chair near at hand, I said as steadily as I could:

"The upper cupboard door is always kept locked, and my father carries the key in his pocket; but the bottom shelf of the upper cupboard is loose, and if you crawl in upon this shelf on your hands and knees, and raise your back up against the shelf above, you can misplace it so that one end will come off the slat that holds it, and all the things upon it will come rattling down. I know about it, for I did it myself once when I was a little girl, and it did me a great deal of mischief. Your brother's tin trunk sits upon that shelf, I know, for I saw it there when father opened the door to get his pocket-book just before he went away."

"You know how to misplace the shelf; get in and misplace it yourself," said the hunchback.

"I can not," I replied. "I used to play in there when I was a little thing, but now the cupboard will hold me no longer."

"He looked me over, (I was large for my age), saw that I spoke the truth, and proceeded to crawl in upon the shelf himself, saying in a tone of authority:

"If any one comes to the door, don't let them see me here; it would be too ridiculous. Do you hear?"

"I nodded my head, too anxious for the success of my plan to speak."

"No sooner did he draw the last club foot upon the shelf than I slammed the door together, and turned the button, then catching the brass key from mother's thread basket, I put it in the lock and turned it upon him. As the strong bolt slipped into its place, I ran back and dropped into the cradle with the screaming baby. I had been strong enough for anything but a moment before, now I was so weak I could not stand."

"My little brother hushed his crying the moment my head sank in his baby lap, and putting his tiny, cold fingers upon my face, he laughed in merry glee."

"The hunchback, when he found himself caught, yelled like a caged demon; but I knew that the cupboard door was of heavy plank, that the lock and hinges were strong, and I felt perfectly safe. I know, too, that there was a crack under the door so wide that air enough would pass to keep him from suffocating."

"His threats were so terrible to listen to that I began to sing hymns to the baby as soon as I could find my voice, and he was not long before he was quiet, save an occasional appeal to my sympathy, to tell me how uncomfortable he found his cramped position, and begging me to let him out. I was sorry enough for him, but my fear lest he should harm the baby overcame my pity."

"Father and mother came at sunset, and I never shall forget the look that passed between them when I told them of my prisoner. Father unlocked the cupboard door, but the poor hunchback had remained so long in his cramped position that he could not stir. Father pulled him out, carried him in his arms and put him in bed, and mother bathed and rubbed him."

"He was sick for three months, and the whole of that time mother nursed him faithfully. That illness was a turning-point in his life. He lived for several years a quiet, humble, Christian life, respected and beloved."

"At his death he willed everything that he possessed to me, in gratitude, he said, for my saving him from crime by locking him in the cupboard, as he was fully resolved, if he could not obtain the papers to burn the dwelling. He said also that his imprisonment in the cupboard broke his stubborn will, but mother's patience and kindness in his long illness softened his hard heart."

"The girl did do something in that story," said Margaret, going across the room to give Aunt Hannah a hug and a kiss, and then going to peep into the cupboard.

"Oh, Grandpa, isn't it a pity you can't remember it?"

"I supposed all through my childhood

AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER.

A cold winter's night found a stage load of us gathered about the warm fire of a tavern barroom in a New England village. Shortly after we arrived, a pedlar drove up and ordered that his horse should be stabled for the night. After we had eaten supper we repaired to the barroom, and as soon as the ice was broken the conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes had been related, and finally the pedlar was asked to give us a story, as men of his profession were generally full of adventure and anecdote. He was a short, thickset man, somewhere about forty years of age, and gave evidence of great physical strength. He gave his name as Lemuel Viney, and his home was in Dover, N. H.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his pipe and putting it in his pocket, "suppose I tell you of about the last thing of any consequence that happened to me? You see I am now right from the far west and on my way home for winter quarters. It was about two months ago, one pleasant evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small inn in a small village in Hancock County, Ind. I said 'twas pleasant; I meant 'twas warm, but it was cloudy and likely to be very dark. I went in and called for supper, and had my horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat down in the barroom. It began to rain about eight o'clock, and for awhile it poured hard, and it was very dark outdoors."

"Now, I wanted to be in Jackson early the next morning, for I expected a load of goods there for me, which I meant to dispose of on my way home. The moon would rise about midnight, and I knew that if it did not rain I could get along very comfortably through the mud after that. So I asked the landlord if he would not see that my horse was fed about midnight, as I wished to be off before two. He expressed some surprise at this and asked me why I did not stop for breakfast. I told him that I had sold my last load about all out, and that a new lot of goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I wanted to be there for them before the express agent left in the morning. There were a number of people about while I told this, but I took little notice of them, one man only arresting attention. I had in my possession a small package of placards which I was to deliver to the sheriff at Jackson, and they were notices for the detection of a notorious robber named Dick Hardhead. These bills gave a description of his person, and the man before me answered very well to it. In fact, it was perfect. He was a tall, well-formed man, rather slight in frame, and had the appearance of a gentleman, save that his face bore those hard, cruel marks which an observing man cannot mistake for anything but the index of a villainious disposition."

"When I went up to my chamber I asked the landlord who that man was, describing the suspicious individual. He said he did not know him. He had come there that afternoon, and intended to leave some time during the next day. The host asked me why I wished to know, and I simply told him that the man's countenance was familiar, and I wished to know if I had ever been acquainted with him. I resolved not to let the landlord into the secret, but to hurry on to Jackson and there give information to the sheriff, and perhaps he might reach the inn before the villain left; for I had no doubts with regard to his identity."

"I had an alarm watch, and having set it to give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep. I was aroused at the proper time, and immediately got up and dressed myself. When I reached the yard I found the clouds all passed away, and the moon was shining brightly. The hostler was easily aroused, and by two o'clock I was on the road. The mud was deep and my horse could not travel very fast, yet it struck me that the beast made more work than there was any need for, for the cart was nearly empty, my whole stock consisting of about half a dozen tin pans and a lot of loose rags."

"However, on we went, and in the course of half an hour I was clear of the village, and at a short distance ahead lay a large track of forest, mostly of great pines, and as near as I could remember, the distance was not far from twelve miles. The moon was in the east, and as this road ran nearly west I should have light enough. I had entered the wood and had gone, perhaps, half a mile when my wagon wheels settled, with a bump and a jerk, into a deep hole. I uttered an exclamation of astonishment; but that was not all. I heard another exclamation from another source!"

"What could it be? I looked quickly around but could see nothing, and yet I knew that the sound I had heard was very close to me. As the hind wheels came up I felt something like the jerk of the hole. I heard something roll or tumble from one side to the other of my wagon, and I could also feel the jar occasioned by the movement. It was simply a man in my cart! I knew this on the instant. You may have noticed my cart as I came up this evening. The main part of it opens behind, and there is room enough within for quite a party, providing they'd stow themselves close enough. Of course I felt puzzled. At last I wondered if some poor fellow had not taken this method to obtain a ride. But I soon gave this up, for I knew that any decent man would have asked me for a ride and taken it comfortably. My next idea was that somebody had got in there to sleep. But this passed away as quickly as it came, for no man would have broken into my cart for that purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, opened my eyes. Whoever was in there had broken in."

"My next thoughts were of Mr. Dick Hardhead. He had heard me say that my load was all sold out, and of course he supposed that I had some money with me. And I also thought that he meant to leave the cart when he supposed I had reached a safe place, and then either creep over and shoot me or knock me down, or perhaps slip out and ask for a ride, or something of that sort."

All this passed through my mind by the time I had got a rod from the hole."

"Now, I never make it a point to brag of myself, but yet I have seen a great deal of the world, and I am pretty cool and clear-headed under difficulty. In a very few moments my resolution was formed. My horse was now knee-deep in the mud, and I knew I could slip off without any noise. So I drew my revolver—I never travel in that country without it—it is a six-barreled one and sure fire. I drew this, and having it twined the reins about the whipstock, I carefully slipped down into the mud, and as the cart passed on I went behind it and examined the hump. The door of the cart let down, and is fastened by a hump which slips over a staple, and is then secured by a padlock. The padlock was gone, and the hump was secured in its place by a bit of pine stick, so that a slight push from within could break it. My wheel-wrench hung in a leather bucket on the side of the cart, and I quickly took it out and slipped it into the staple. The iron handle just sliding down."

"Now I had him. My cart was almost new, with a stout frame of white oak, and made on purpose for hard usage, heavy loads and service. I did not believe that any ordinary man could break out. I got on to my cart as noiselessly as I got off, and then urged my horse on, still keeping my pistol handy. I knew at the distance of half a mile further I should come to a good hard road, and I allowed my horse to pick his own way through the mud. It was about ten minutes after this that I heard a motion in the cart, followed by a grinding noise, as though some heavy force were being applied to the door. This continued some moments and then came a heavy thump, as though the sole of a boot were applied to the door. I said nothing, but the idea struck me that the villain might try to judge about where I sat, and shoot up through the top of the cart at me, so I sat down on the footboard."

"Of course I knew now that my unexpected passenger was a villain, for he must have been awake ever since I started, and nothing else in the world but absolute villainy would have caused him to remain quiet so long and then start up in this peculiar place. The thumping and pushing grew louder and louder, and pretty soon I heard a human voice."

"Let me out of this!" he cried and he yelled pretty loud."

"I lifted my head up so as to make him think that I was sitting in my usual place, and then asked him what he was doing there."

"Let me out and I'll tell ye," he replied."

"Tell me what you're in there for," I said."

"I got in here to sleep on your rags," he answered."

"How'd ye get in?" I asked."

"Let me out or I'll shoot ye through the head," he yelled."

"Just at that moment my horse's feet struck the hard road, and I knew that the rest of the route to Jackson would be good going. The distance was twelve miles. I slipped back upon the footboard and took the whip. I had the same horse then I've got now; a tall, stout, powerful bay mare, and you may believe there's some go in her. At any rate, she struck a gait then that even astonished me. She had had a good mess of oats, the night air was cool, and she felt like going. In fifteen minutes we cleared the woods, and away we went at a great pace. The chap inside kept yelling to be let out, and threatening to shoot if I didn't let him out. Finally, he stopped, and in a few moments came the reports of a pistol, one, two, three, four, one right after the other, and I heard the balls whizz over my head. If I had been on my seat, one of those balls if not two of them, must have gone through me. I popped up my head again and gave a yell and then a deep groan, and then I said, 'O, save me! I'm a dead man!' Then I made a shuffling noise as though I were falling off, and finally settled down again on the footboard. I now urged up the old mare by giving her an occasional poke with the butt of the whip, and she went along faster than ever."

"The man called out to me twice more pretty soon after this, and as he got no reply he made some tremendous endeavors to break the door open, and as this failed him he made several attempts upon the top. But I had no fears of his doing anything there, for the top of my cart is framed in with dovetails and each sleeper bolted to the posts with an iron bolt. I had it made so that I could carry heavy loads there. By-and-by, after all else had failed, the scamp commenced to holler 'whoa' to the horse, and kept it up until he became hoarse. All this time I kept perfectly quiet, holding the reins firmly and poking the beast with the whip."

"He wasn't an hour in going that dozen miles, not a bit of it. I hadn't much fear, perhaps I might tell the truth and say that I had none, for I had a good pistol, and more than that my passenger was safe, yet I did feel glad when I came to the old four barrel factory that stands at the edge of Jackson village, and in ten minutes more I hauled up in front of the tavern and found a couple of men cleaning down some stage horses."

"Well, old fellow," says I, as I got down and went round to the back of the wagon, 'you've had a good ride, haven't ye?'"

"Who are you?" he cried, and his voice trembled a little, too, as he asked the question."

"I am the man you tried to shoot," I told him."

"Where am I? Let me out!" he yelled."

"Look here," said I, 'we've come to a safe stopping place, and mind ye I've got a revolver ready for ye the moment you show yourself. Now lie quiet.'"

"By this time the two hostlers had come to see what was the matter, and I explained it all to them. After this I got one of them to run and find the sheriff, and tell him what I believed I'd got for him. The first streaks of daylight were now just coming up, and in half an hour it would be broad daylight. In less than that time the sheriff came and two other men with him. I told him the whole story in a few words, exhibited the handbills I had for him, and then he made for the cart. He told the chap inside who he was, and that if he made the least resistance he'd be a dead man. But mind you, the sheriff didn't tell him the suspicion we had about him. Then I slipped the iron wrench out, as I let the door down, the fellow made a spring. I caught him by the ankle and he came down on his face, and in a moment more the officer had him."

It was not daylight, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. 'He was the very man I had suspected, and his fine black clothes were pretty well covered with lint and dirt. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all day."

"After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of \$200 which had been offered. I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow away in my cart. I found the bullet holes in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line, about five inches apart, and had I been there I usually sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere about the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistol was a heavy one."

"On the next morning the sheriff called upon me and paid me \$200 in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the villain. After an early dinner I set out, and here I am. I've sold my load all out, and am now ready to lay up for the winter. I found a letter in the office at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff of Hancock County, and he informed me that Mr. Hardhead is now in prison for life."

And in a moment more the officer had him. It was not daylight, and the moment I saw the chap I recognized him. 'He was the very man I had suspected, and his fine black clothes were pretty well covered with lint and dirt. He was marched off to the lock-up, and I told the sheriff I should remain in town all day."

"After breakfast the sheriff came down to the tavern and told me that I had caught the very bird, and that if I would remain until the next morning I should have the reward of \$200 which had been offered. I found my goods all safe, paid the express agent for bringing them from Indianapolis, and then went to work to stow away in my cart. I found the bullet holes in the top of my vehicle just as I expected. They were in a line, about five inches apart, and had I been there I usually sit, two of them would have hit me somewhere about the small of the back and passed upward, for they were sent with a heavy charge of powder, and his pistol was a heavy one."

"On the next morning the sheriff called upon me and paid me \$200 in gold, for he had made himself sure that he had got the villain. After an early dinner I set out, and here I am. I've sold my load all out, and am now ready to lay up for the winter. I found a letter in the office at Portsmouth for me, from the sheriff of Hancock County, and he informed me that Mr. Hardhead is now in prison for life."

So ended the pedlar's story. In the morning I had the curiosity to look at his cart, and I found the four bullet holes just as he had told us, though they were now plugged up with phal cars. Viney came out as I was looking and showed me the prints of the villain's feet upon the cart. They were plain, and must have been given with great force."

A Big Game of Poker.

I heard a story the other day about the national game of poker which rather discounts the tough poker yarns which from time to time appear in the papers of the West. A number of gentlemen were sitting on the chairs in front of the Ebbitt House when the subject of poker came up. Stories of several games were told and laughed over, when a gentleman who had not said a great deal up to that time remarked:

"Well, boys, your stories of big games are good enough, but I sat in a game one time where the pot was worth paying for. It was in 1865, soon after Lee's surrender. There were six or seven of us at Atlanta, and a game of poker was proposed. The ante was fixed at \$1,000 and the limit at \$5,000, and the play was lively, I tell you. We played from 10 in the morning until after midnight, and a pot was seldom open with less than \$500,000. On one hand the betting got quite lively, and when a straight flush finally beat four queens the winner raked in nearly \$200,000."

The gentlemen sitting around puffed their cigars silently, and admiration for the boss of the season was visible on their countenances. He continued:

"You don't seem to believe that, but it is Gospel truth, every word of it."

Again silence reigned for a moment or two, when one of them inquired:

"What kind of money were you playing for?"

"Well," he answered, "that was the trouble. It was, as I said, right after the war. Confederate scrip was plentiful, and we used Confederate bonds to light our cigars with. The bundle in that pot was all in Confederate notes and bonds, and the winner didn't think it worth while to carry it away with him."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Lawyers in Congress.

I have heard it said that Senator Edmund's law fees amount to \$50,000 a year, and Everts has the reputation of making a salary as large as that of the President's out of his law practice. None of the lawyers of the present, however, pretend to take fees for arguing bills in the Senate, and it is said that some of the great men of the past did this. Reverdy Johnson took fees as a senatorial lawyer, and a United States Senator told me the other day that Daniel Webster used to go out into the lobbies and get his fee for speaking in favor of a bill and then go in upon the floor and make the speech. Henry Clay argued many cases before the Supreme Court while he was in the United States Senate, and Roscoe Conkling does a big business now aided by the great influence he acquired while he was a politician. Matt Carpenter was one of the ablest lawyers this country has ever known, and he had a big Supreme Court practice. He made a fortune, but he only left \$150,000 when he died. Joe Brown, the Georgia millionaire, is a good lawyer, but he does not practice before the Supreme Court. The bulk of his fortune has been made by investments, and he believes that mines and lands pay better than law business."

Alexander Stephens was admitted to the bar when he was 21, and his first year netted him \$400. He got single fees of \$20,000 before he died, and was considered one of the greatest lawyers of the South. Thomas Jefferson was making \$5,000 a year at the bar when he first began to dip into politics, and had he stuck to it he would probably have died a very rich man. Politics ruined him and he died a bankrupt. Alexander Hamilton was a lawyer, and he went back to New York to practice law after he left the Treasury. Aaron Burr was one of the most money-making of the lawyers of his day, and he made as high as \$40,000 in a single case. Hamilton made \$10,000 a year on an average, it is said, and William Wirt thought he was doing well as \$6,000. There is hardly a big lawyer of to-day who is satisfied with less than \$15,000 or \$20,000 a year, and the fees of many lawyers amount to more than the President's salary. I saw Ben Butler in the streets of Washington recently in new clothes, and I am told that his professional income is not less than \$100,000 a year. Bob Toombs made \$50,000 in the first five years of his experience, and John Sherman thought he was doing well when he started out as a young lawyer and earned \$500 a year. Daniel Webster got big fees, but he always spent more than he made and he was constantly in debt. Abe Lin-

coln did well at the law, and James Buchanan made \$938 in the first year of his practice and increased this amount in the fifth year to cover \$5,000. In 1821 he made \$11,000, but after he got into politics his practice dropped off to an alarming extent."

Quieting a Horse With Hymns.

A minister named M. C., who has since passed into a state of "innocuous desuetude" by falling from grace, had a circuit in Southern Indiana. The horse he rode was a spirited animal, and would not let a blacksmith shoe him. The preacher was a great revivalist and singer of revival songs—noted for his "power of song," in fact. A smith in the country-seat, the centre of the circuit, learning that the preacher's horse would not be shod, meeting the divine one day, said: "If you bring that horse to my shop to-morrow, and follow my instructions, I'll shoe him all around, and it shan't cost you a cent."

Accordingly the preacher was on time at the smith's shop with his refractory steed, and after the animal had been divested of saddle, blankets, and all but the bridle, the smith said: "Now hold your horse by the rein, close to the bridle-bit, and sing one of your liveliest camp-meeting songs, and when that is ended, strike up another, and keep on singing until I finish shoeing the horse." The preacher obeyed, and to the astonishment of all, the animal was passive until the work was completed. As the blacksmith clinked the last nail he dropped the animal's foot, and exclaimed: "There, I knew you could sing religion into the horse."

Depredating Wolves.

There is a remarkable increase in the number of gray wolves in the cattle countries. They have been on the increase for three or four years past. With the disappearance of the buffalo, the wolves also disappeared, as they were left without sufficient food supply, and of course had to follow the wild herd as they retired to more remote pastures. But now, the place once occupied by the buffalo, is the pasture ground for thousands upon thousands of cattle, and as wolves are not so particular in their diet as to object to beef when they cannot get buffalo meat, they are returning to their old haunts, and the ranges are alive with them. The cattle, and especially the calves, are the food on which the pests thrive, and it is becoming quite a serious detriment to the cattle interests. Wolf poisoning is likely to become a profitable industry, and some of the countries, by way of fostering it, offer to furnish free strychnine to all who wish to engage in it."

Education No Hindrance.

It does not follow that a well educated girl cannot be a thorough housewife. Any girl or woman of average intelligence can and will adapt herself to any circumstances in which she may be placed. I have seen it done a hundred times, and the very girls who knew least about household matters before they were married set themselves to learn and to do all that might be required of them, when they "assumed the responsibilities of matrimony," as the newspapers say. The best housekeeper of my acquaintance had no home before she was married, but lived with her relatives and grew up without much training of any kind. To be sure, during the greater part of her honeymoon she was utterly wretched, notwithstanding the encouragement and consolation she received from her husband, who ate leaden biscuit like a saint and ignored her failures with a sweetness that should have recommended him for canonization. She had all kinds of dreadful mishaps. Fowls were occasionally served up that were like the white sepulchre. But she conquered all her difficulties, and to-day, can invite fifty guests to dinner and sit at the head of her table with that cheerful ease possible only to one who knows that the bill of fare from soup to coffee will be faultless. Another of my friends—the lovely daughter of a wealthy man—married a poor young man and went out West to live. The young wife had the usual experience of housekeepers with incompetent help. Finally she refused to admit another one, African, Irish, German or American into her kitchen, and set herself to work to fathom its mysteries herself. At the time I saw her she had met the enemy, and it was hers. The lore of the cookery book was at her finger ends and her tiny house was fresh and dainty from spare-room to cellar—there was no attic. Among other achievements of which she was piously proud was the upholstering of the baby carriage, in which the first born took its rides abroad. The work was done as skillfully as if she had been trained to the business. I give her as an example of the possibilities of the American girl for overcoming domestic difficulties and making herself mistress of almost any situation. I wish that young men could drop into horseshoeing, plowing, shoemaking and kindred occupations as readily. The ranks of tenth-rate lawyers, preachers and doctors would be noticeably thinned and much good disseminated through the length and breadth of this profession-burdened land."

A Westminster Dwarf.

At the beginning of 1852 there died in St. Margaret's Workhouse, London, the singular little being who is the subject of this sketch. He rejoiced in the name of George Trout, was under three feet in height, had extremely short arms and legs, with a head of gigantic size and unnatural appearance. From constantly being seen in the purlieus of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Hall, he became known familiarly as the "Dwarf," and his services were frequently in request by members of both Lords and Commons for the carrying of notes, etc., to various

parts of the town. Among George's special patrons was Sir T. Tyrwhitt, Usher of the Black Rod, who, in order that he might look respectable in the Lobby of the House, gave the little man at different times several suits of clothes, which, however, he always sold, as he found his shabbiness productive of more money than a genteel appearance was. This practice eventually resulted in his being refused admission to the lobby."

Although small in size and insignificant in position, yet, when in the execution of a commission, George Trout became a person of importance and one who was not to be interfered with lightly. "Don't stop me," he would say, "I am going with despatches for Lord So-and-so," and, fond as he was of refreshments in a liquid form, no amount of persuasion could induce him to partake of anything till his "despatches" were off his mind. That happy consummation arrived at and his fee received George usually adjourned somewhere to recuperate himself after the fatigues of his journey. He could only place his money on the bar counter by raising himself to his utmost height and he was quite unable to reach the glass, which had to be handed down to him."

Small Coins in California.

There has long been a foolish prejudice against coppers on that coast, but the interest of the working classes demands that it should be dissipated. There is an endless list of small articles which are now sold at the east for one, two, three and four cents. These same articles, although produced as cheaply in California, always cost the consumer five cents. It ought to require no argument to convince a workman that he is foolish to pay five cents for that which should only cost him two. Yet it is notorious that a prejudice against copper coins exists among those who have very few five-cent pieces to spare. If these people would insist on trading only at stores where they could buy exactly what they needed, and not purchase five cent's worth when one cent's worth would be abundant, they would force a revolution which would inure greatly to their benefit."

How Butterine is Made.

Oleomargarine is the raw material from which butterine is made. It is procured in this way: From the freshly slaughtered carcasses of cattle in the abattoirs of large towns the superfluous portions of suet are taken to the butterine factories. The finest, cleanest, and sweetest portions only are selected for making oleomargarine. The process of manufacture is as follows: At the factory the beef-suet is thrown into tanks containing tepid water, and after standing a short time it is washed repeatedly in cold water and disintegrated and separated from fibre by passing it through a meat-masher worked by steam, after which it is forced through a fine sieve. It is then melted by surrounding the tanks with water at a temperature of about one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. Great care is taken not to exceed this point; otherwise the fat would begin to decompose and acquire a flavor of tallow. After being well stirred, the adipose membrane subsides to the bottom of the tank, and is separated under the name of "scrao," whilst a clear yellow oil is left above together with a film of white oily substance. This film is removed by skimming, and the yellow oil is drawn off and allowed to solidify. The refined fat, as the substance is now known, is then taken to the press-room—which is kept at a temperature of about ninety degrees Fahrenheit—packed in cotton cloths, and placed in galvanized iron plates in a press. On being subjected to pressure, oil flows away. The cakes of stearine which remains are sent to the candle makers. The oil—which is now known as oleomargarine—is filled into barrels for sale or export, or directly made into butterine by adding to it ten per cent. of milk and churning the mixture. It is now colored with annatto and rolled with ice to set it; salt is added; the process is finished and it is ready for packing."

Diamond Hunting.

In 1843 diamonds were discovered in the province of Bahia. There are two stories told of the discovery—one that a quick eyed slave from Minas-Geraes, keeping his flock in Bahia, remarked the similarity of soil to that of his native place, and, searching in the sand, soon found seven hundred carats of diamonds. With these the faithful creature ran away and attempted to make his fortune in a distant city by sale, but, so valuable a property in the hands of a slave exciting suspicion, he was put to the question as to where they came from, and, refusing to answer, sent back to Bahia and his master. There, being watched, his secret was made clear, and within a twelvemonth there were five-and-twenty thousand seekers at work, securing for some time a daily amount of 1,450 carats. The other story is that of a mulatto miner in the interior, gold washing in a stream at Sincora, whose crowbar slipping broke a hollow sound below; mother earth groaned as it were, like a miser, at the discovery of her store; and pushing his hand through the mulatto pulled out a handful of stones, valued subsequently at £100,000 in that hole alone. Within six months fifteen thousand were there, and in the first two years the product of their toil rose to half a million of money."

Judge no one by his relations, whatever criticism you pass upon his companions. Relations, like features, are thrust upon us; companions, like clothes, are of our own selection."

When men are not favorites with women, it is either from vulgar debauchery, or from constitutional indifference, or from an

BIDDY'S PHILOSOPHY.

What would I do if you were dead?
And when do you think of dying?
I stand by your bed, and hold your hand,
And cry, or pretend to be crying!
There's many a worse man nor you—
If one knew where to find him!
And mebbe many a better, too,
With money to leave behind him!
But you, if I was dying to-day,
(I saw you now when you kissed her)
I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister!

You'd make an illegit' child, indead,
Sleeping so sound and stiddy;
If you could see yourself as you laid,
You'd want to come back to Biddy!
You would be dressed in your Sunday best,
As tidy as I could make you,
With a sprig of something on your breast,
And the boys would come to wake you.
But you, if I was dead in your stead,
(Do you think I never missed her?)
I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister!

When you was under the sod, I'd sigh,
And—If I could do without you—
Mebbe I've a strapping lad in my eye
Who'd know and talk about you.
A little courtin' would be divartin',
A kind voice whispering "Biddy,"
A kiss on the cheek, for what's the hurt in
A man's consoling a widdy?

But you, before I was dead at all,
(Now don't deny that you kissed her!)
I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister!

When you was under the sod, I'd sigh,
And—If I could do without you—
Mebbe I've a strapping lad in my eye
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Positively Dishonest.

The following story, illustrative of the honesty of the border American and the Mexican, is said to be true. It was related to the writer by a well-known printer, who declares that it has, notwithstanding its truthfulness, never been published. This explanation is necessary in order to protect the writer against the probable charge of "chastity."

An American ranchman had employed a Mexican herder. The American owed the Mexican \$60, and as money was not very plentiful with him, began to devise means of a cheaper settlement. One evening while the two were in the kitchen, the American took down the coffee mill and said:

"This is the most wonderful machine in the world. It was recently invented in the United States, and is valued at \$100. See here? Instead of having to crush your coffee with a stone, you put it in this way and grind it up. I never saw anything like it. Old man Jones over here wants it so bad he don't know what to do. Offered me a hundred dollars for it, but I would not accept the offer."

The Mexican listened attentively, but assumed an air of indifference. The American left the mill on a shelf. When he got up the next morning he found that the Mexican and the coffee mill had disappeared.

"You can't place any confidence in the honesty of a Mexican," said he. "That fellow is positively dishonest."

How Wolves Existed.

Ancient chronicles state that King Edgar attempted to extirpate the wolves in England by commuting the punishment for certain offences into the receiptance of a certain number of wolves' tongues from each criminal; and in Wales, by converting the tax of gold and silver into an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads. In subsequent times, their destruction was promoted by certain rewards, and some lands were held on condition of destroying the wolves which infested the parts of the kingdom in which they were situated. In 1281 these animals troubled several of the English counties, but after that period the records made no mention of them. The last wolf known in Scotland was killed in 1680; and in Ireland one was killed in 1701. Very fearful accounts are on record of the ravages committed by wolves when in hard weather they associate in immense flocks. So lately as 1700 such terror is said to have been excited in France by ravages of wolves that public prayers were offered for their destruction. Since India became so much the country of Europeans the race of tigers has been much thinned. The wolf in these islands was hunted by an animal known under various appellations, as the Irish wolf dog, the Irish greyhound, the Highland deerhound and the Scotch greyhound. There appears to be no doubt that all the dogs thus denominated were essentially of the same breed. Its original home is supposed to have been Ireland, whence, during the proud days of ancient Rome, it was frequently conveyed in iron cages to assist in the sports of the city on the Tiber. Buffon observes: "The Irish greyhounds are of a very ancient race and still exist (though their number is small) in their original climate. They were called by the ancients dogs of Epirus and Albanian dogs." Hottel, in his "Description of Ireland and the Irish," written in 1686, says: "They are not without wolves and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limb than a colt." In Anglo-Saxon times a nobleman never went out unaccompanied by some of these dogs and his hawk, and so highly were they esteemed that by the forest laws of Canute it was ordered that no person under the rank of a gentleman should keep one.

Calico No Longer Popular.

The calico made years ago would wear twice as long without washing as the modern calico. More substance in actual fibre is what is wanted to regain popularity. Another reason is the low price that wool has ruled at for several years past, enabling our manufacturers to make woollen dress goods at a very low figure, and these goods do not require washing. Some may think they absorb just as much dirt without showing it, but they do not. Cotton warp goods with combed wool filling can now be sold just as cheap as calico used to be sold for. But clean wool again run up to \$1 and over and calico would again be more in demand. It might be in its new form and under the more fascinating name of sateen, which is but the same fabric with the same material and process of printing, only it is woven on three, four or five harness which enables the manufacturer to make what we call a warp or satin face. Sateen is in weaving parlance, "quarter satin"—both these fabrics take their name from the method or manner of weaving. Sateen is woven on sixteen harness with fifteen threads up every time a filling pick is thrown in; while a sateen is woven on four harness usually with four warp threads up every time a filling pick goes in. All observers will have noticed that sateen will not hold dust, and will repel all kinds of dirt, although silk in other weaves, such as gros-grains, will catch and hold not only dust, but any foreign substance. Cotton does not have the repelling power of silk, because it is not so dense or lustrous, but is a quick absorber of moisture and has an equal affinity for dirt.

The Spider's Voracious Appetite.

It is not everybody who knows how much a spider can eat. [Most of us have derived amusement, and perhaps instruction, from watching the subtle arrangements and devices of the little tactician, with a view to capture some dainty little insect, and many of us would know exactly where to place this interesting creature in the classification of animal life, but probably very few of us have any idea what a voracious gourmand the spider is. A gentleman scientifically inclined and luxuriating in the rare possession of leisure, has recently given to the world some very curious and startling statements in regard to the archimedeal appetite. He captured a spider and kept it in confinement, supplying it liberally with food, and carefully recording his observations. He estimated that the creature ate 4 times its weight for breakfast, 9 times its weight for dinner, 13 times its weight for supper, finishing up with an ounce of food. In the same proportion, a man of average weight would demolish an ox for breakfast, two more for dinner, a couple of bullocks, 8 sheep and 4 pigs for supper, and then a hundred weight of fish to prepare the way for an aldermanic banquet before retiring to bed.

Indicators of the Mental Condition.

When there is no pressure upon their minds, and they can afford to be comfortable, men generally cross their legs. But you will never find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other because the mind and body work together. A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair discussing some business proposition with another man, but the instant he becomes really in earnest and perceives something to be gained, his limbs uncross quick as a flash, he bends forward toward his neighbor and begins to use his hands. That is a phase that I believe you will always observe. Men often cross their legs at public meetings, because they go there to listen, or to be entertained; they are not the factors in the performance, and they naturally place themselves in the most comfortable position known to them—namely, leaning well back in their chairs and crossing their legs. A man always crosses his legs when he reads a newspaper, but is more apt to lie down when he reads a book. He reads the paper, of course, to inform himself, but at the same time the perusal of its contents is recreation for him, and his body again seeks its position of relaxation. When a man is reading a newspaper and waiting for his breakfast his legs are always crossed, but as soon as the breakfast is brought to him he puts the paper aside, straightens out his legs and goes to work—that is, begins to eat, his mind now turning on the duties of the day before him. Men cross their legs in a ball-room, and it is far from an elegant thing to do, and it is not done by those who have been brought up in good society. It is your "three-penny-bit young man" who crosses legs at a ball, and would you believe it, I have seen young ladies do the same thing!

An Accomplished Criminal.

It is a mistake to suppose that criminals of the higher grade, like burglars, forgers and bank robbers, are coarse ignorant, vulgar men. If they were, they would not succeed; their dishonest trade requires intelligence, mental training and a large amount of self-restraint. Many of them have been clever mechanics, while some are cultured and of good antecedents. Louis C. Clement, the notorious bank robber, who died three years ago, was a southerner by birth, his parents being rich and highly respectable. He was a college graduate; but being without principle and extravagant, his father got tired of furnishing him with money, and he determined to get it for himself by what he thought the easiest means. He became acquainted with several notorious forgers and check raisers, adopted their calling and profited by it. He went abroad and in Germany fell in with Max Shimburn, a noted bank robber, who got rich by playing his profession there, crossed the sea, purchased the title of baron and settled down as a member of the old aristocracy. Clement probably gained valuable knowledge from Shimburn. He returned to his native land, took up his abode in Philadelphia, and by his handsome person, agreeable manners and bright conversation, gained some social position. He assumed to be a Cuban refugee, and his dark eyes, hair and complexion, with his fluency in Spanish, assisted the assumption. He paid court to a pretty widow, Mrs. Joseph Dumel, and married her. They decided to go abroad for a bride tour. She got her valuables, together with \$30,000 in cash, and they were ready to start, when he asked her to carry a note somewhere for him, while he took charge of her things. When she

returned he had disappeared. He was engaged in several bank robberies afterward, under the name of Colonel Ralph Pollard, formerly of the Louisiana tigers. In one of these he was arrested, sent to prison for a term of twelve years, and ended his life there.

General Boulanger's Bravery.

In 1871, during the Commune, near Bourg-la-Reine, a platoon under the command of a young lieutenant, M. L., had been ordered to carry at the point of the bayonet a barricade which commanded the road to Paris. No cartridges had been served out to the men; the task was a difficult one, and the officer in charge fully anticipated the Cross of the Legion of Honor as a reward for its accomplishment, when at midnight, as they were about to start, Colonel Boulanger appeared on the scene in undress and with a stick in his hand. But the Colonel did not mean to assume the command; he merely wished to accompany them as a spectator, having nothing to do that night. The little troop marched forward and on nearing the scene of action they threw themselves flat on the ground, creeping along until they were within sixty yards of the barricade. Suddenly, the sentry who kept watch on the barricade leaned forward to listen, then turned round and said a few words to his comrades. "We are discovered," whispered Lieutenant L., in the hearing of the colonel; "we can't avoid a general discharge and we shall lose some of our men." "Well, then," replied the colonel, "this is what we must do. I will jump to my feet; they will fire on me and miss, and before the enemy have time to reload you storm the barricade." "But, colonel, it is my place to—" "There is no but in the case, and for this occasion I assume the command. Keep quiet and don't get up before I tell you." And Colonel Boulanger stood up in front of the Federalist *chassepots*. As he had foretold, they fired at him and missed him. He then cried in a loud voice:—"En avant mes enfants, at the double quick!" And the barricade was carried. Only one man was killed, Boulanger has since been promoted to the rank of General, and is now the French Minister of War.

Smugglers' Caves Found.

Some extensive subterranean caverns have just been discovered by Rev. H. A. Thorne, beneath a garden at the rear of the house occupied by him at Westfield, Birthington-on-Sea, England. When lowering a bucket down a well in the garden the bucket, which was swinging mysteriously, disappeared in the side of the well. This aroused the curiosity of Mr. Thorne, who himself descended the well and discovered extensive excavations. The place has since been thoroughly examined, and subterranean passages and chambers representing 20,000 cubic feet of space were found to exist. The entrance in the side of the well is thirty-two feet below the surface, and the chambers are of a very roomy description, their height being eight feet and upward. One very long passage leads off in the direction of the shore, which would seem to indicate that the occupants contemplated opening up underground communication with the sea, which, however, they failed to accomplish. Close by the spot there used to be an old limekiln, and it is conjectured that the smugglers contrived to keep their work secret by means of the kiln. Indications are not wanting that the caverns were used for the storage of contraband goods.

Up in a Balloon.

Says a writer in the Century: As nearly as can be judged, I was more than a mile high, and all sounds from the earth had ceased. There was a death-like silence which was simply awful. It seemed to my overstrained nerves to forbode disaster. The ticking of the watch in my pocket sounded like a trip-hammer. I could feel the blood as it shot through the veins of my head and arms. My straw hat and my head low car snapped and cracked, being contracted by the evaporation of the moisture in them and by the fast-cooling temperature. I was compelled to breathe a little quicker than usual on account of the rarity of the atmosphere. I became sensible of a loud, monotonous hum in my ears, pitched about on middle C of the piano, which seemed to bore into my head from a pop; then for a instant my head would be clear, when the same experience would be repeated. By throwing out small pieces of tissue paper I saw that the balloon was still rapidly ascending. While debating with myself as to the advisability of pulling the valve-rope (I was afraid to touch it for fear it would break) and discharging some gas, the earth was lost sight of, and the conviction was forced upon me that this must be the clouds! It made me dizzy to think of it. Above, below and upon all sides was a dense, damp, chilly fog. Upon looking clear, large drops of rain could be seen, silently falling down out of sight into what seemed bottomless space.

I was alone, a mile from the earth, in the midst of a rain-cloud and the silence of the grave. Moreover, I had sole charge of the balloon; if it had not been for this fact I could have taken a little comfort, as I had no confidence in my ability to manage it. A rain-storm upon earth is accompanied by noise; the patter of the rain upon the houses, trees and walks always attends the storm, while here, although the drops were large, they could not be heard falling upon the balloon or its belongings. Silence reigned supreme. The quiet spoken of by Dr. Kane and other Arctic explorers as existing in the northern regions was a hubbub beside this place. More tissue paper was thrown out; seeing that it seemed to ascend, I knew that the apparatus was

slowly descending, being brought down by the weight of rain upon it. Soon the earth was in view. How peaceful and quiet it looked! Immediately the whistling of railroad trains could be heard. Now mountains could be distinguished from valleys, and the cawing of frightened crows and the shouting of men could be heard. I passed immediately over Tallcott mountain tower, where there were some 200 people enjoying the day. I could plainly hear one of them blowing a horn. As the balloon slowly descended men could be seen running from all sides toward the place of landing. Now the hum of insects could be heard, and the grapple, with a hundred feet of rope attached, was thrown out; it soon struck the ground, and dragged lazily along through the turf and over the stones without getting a secure hold. I approached a man weighing 300 pounds, who was sitting on a stone wall all out of breath from running. Without the formality of an introduction I asked him to "catch on to that anchor and stop the business." With a woe-begone look upon his honest face and an ominous shake of the head he replied: "it's no use, young fellow; I can't work my bellows." But as the rope twined along near him he fell upon it, and my journey was ended.

A Cloud of Butterflies.

One of the most beautiful sights in the world is the annual migration of butterflies across the Isthmus of Panama. Where they come from or whither they go no one knows, and though many distinguished naturalists have attempted to solve the problem it is still as strange a mystery as it was to the first European traveler who observed it. Towards the end of June a few scattered specimens are discovered fitting out to sea, and as the days go by the numbers increase, until about the 14th or 15th of July the sky is occasionally almost obscured by myriads of these frail insects. Viewed from a distance, or through a telescope, the spectacle is wonderful. As the sun shines on the millions of swiftly fluttering wings the result is a glistening and pulsating haze of golden green. When the wind drives them to the earth they can be caught in handfuls. Swallows and flycatchers single out the largest and chase them for miles. On being examined the butterfly is found to be of the beautiful *Urania telus* species. Its wings are of velvety black and bronze and golden green. Occasionally it is seen to settle on branches of trees and flowers before leaving land altogether. But in spite of the most active exertions of naturalists the origin and destination of the insects are absolutely unknown.

Mushroom Culture in England.

Mushroom growing has greatly increased in England during the last three years, chiefly owing to the publication, in 1883, of a little book, "Mushrooms for the Million," by Mr. J. Wright. In a supplement to the fourth edition of this valuable book the author states that a farmer in the Midlands, acting on the instructions given, sold in 1885 mushrooms to the value of \$500, and so, for the first time during years of depression, was able to show a balance on the right side of his farming accounts. There is no doubt as to the great profitability of mushroom cultivation when it is properly managed. Colonel Gascoigne, of Parlington hall, near Leeds, obtained a profit of \$24,250.10d. from 164 yards of mushroom beds, although forty-two yards failed entirely through a mistake in management. It is estimated that the quantity of mushrooms marketed in England has doubled since 1883. Still, large and increasing quantities are imported from France, in spite of the fact that English mushrooms are greatly superior to French. Price has fallen by about 15 per cent. during the last three years, owing to the increased supplies, but they are still highly remunerative to successful growers. The consumption would be larger than it is if retail prices were reasonable. It is complained that greengrocers, often charge 15, 6d. per pound, or more, when the whole-sale price is 10d. The injurious effects which sometimes follow the eating of mushrooms are generally owing to staleness, putrefaction having commenced, and it is important to buyers to bear in mind the fact that when the pink color of the gills of a fresh fungus has changed to black it is very stale. When only brown it is not too stale to be eaten with safety.

Hardiness of French Women.

I have been especially struck by the hardiness of the French woman and the strength of her constitution. Unless she belongs to the idle and luxurious class of French women, she will get through an extraordinary amount of work in a day, eat and drink very sparingly, go about in the depth of winter with scarcely any more clothing upon her than in summer, rush from highly heated rooms into a freezing air and do all manner of imprudent things and apparently get no harm by it. In French schools it frequently happens that English girls fall seriously ill in winter because they try to do all that their French companions do and their constitutions are not equal to the strain. The French woman is endowed by nature with almost inexhaustible energy and a resisting power which admirably fit her for the battle of life. When she is thrown upon her own resources it rarely happens that she does not make a living somehow. She has what she calls "nervous attacks," through over excitement, but it is very seldom that she falls into the low melancholy state that invariably goes with inactivity. The Frenchman, it may be explained, has nothing like the "grit" in him that the Frenchwoman possesses. He is much more given to self-indulgence, and maybe this is the whole explanation.

VARIETIES.

A JEWEL.—"It's a joke on me, of course, but I'll give it to you fellows," said a Cass farm man to a little group in the City Hall yesterday. "I have a great fear of burglars. When I go to bed I want to know that every door and window is securely fastened. About a month ago we changed hired girls, and the new-comer was very careless about the doors and windows. On two or three occasions I came down stairs at midnight to find a window up or the back door unlocked. I cautioned her, but it did no good. I therefore determined to put up a job on her. I got some false whisks and an old rig, and one night about 11 o'clock I crept up the back stairs to her room. She was snoring away like a trooper, but the minute I struck a match she awoke, expected a great yelling and screaming, but nothing of the sort took place. She bounced out of bed with a 'You villain!' on her lips, seizing a chair by the back, and before I had made a move she knocked me to my knees. Before I could get out of the room she struck me again, and it was only after I had tumbled down the back stairs that she gave the alarm. Then she went through to my room, rapped on the door and coolly announced: 'Mr. Blank, please get up—I've killed a burglar!'

PAT AND HIS THREE MATCHES.—An Irishman who had only twopenny-halfpenny in his pocket stepped into a public-house where the publican was boasting to some customers of being a man of his word. Pat ordered a half-pint, but, not being contented with so short a drink, and having only one penny left, he began to think how he could get a drink out of the publican. At last he hit upon a plan. Approaching where the publican and his customers were speaking, he said to the former: "I'll bet you a penny, sir, you won't say 'Three matches' to three questions I ask you?" After some hesitation the publican bet Pat a penny. "How's your mother?" said Pat. "Three matches," said the publican. "How much do you think you're worth?" said Pat. "Three matches," said the publican. "Will you take for a quart?" said Pat. "Three matches," said the publican. "Give me a quart," said Pat, laying down three matches and the penny he lost by the bet. The landlord, being a man of his word, with a good grace handed Pat a quart.

NOT EXACTLY TOBACCO.—A young lady from the city was visiting a farmer who had a very extensive tobacco plantation. The farmer had gotten out the buggy and was showing her the place.

"Oh," she said, as they turned into a path, "that is another field of tobacco, isn't it?"

The farmer looked in the direction indicated and replied: "That there? No, marm—that is tobacco."

"Not exactly," What do you mean by that?"

"Why, yes," said the farmer, with a significant grin: "That there's a cabbage patch."

A SMALL Somerville boy goes frequently to a neighbor's house to buy fresh eggs. He is always given eggs of the Plymouth Rock variety, which have a shell of chocolate hue. On the last occasion that he was sent after eggs three of the ordinary white-shelled variety were given him with the Plymouth Rocks to make out the dozen. He received them with a great deal of suspicion, and a few minutes later rushed into the presence of his mother, highly excited: "O, mother!" he cried, "what do you think? They've cheated us! They've given us three that ain't ripe."

BAKON COMING UP.—At an evening party in Chicago a literary lady who wants her city to clothe itself in the "Tyrian purple" that Miss Cleveland so beautifully and touchingly alludes to, turned to her neighbor, a successful pork merchant, and said: "Don't you think this Shakespearean controversy, recently awakened by the epher revelations of Mr. Donnelly, will result in a renewed interest in Bacon?" "Renewed interest in Bacon?" "Yes, isn't Bacon rising?" "Oh, certainly, madam, certainly, Bacon's coming up every day, but lard is way down."

A FEATURE of a fashionable New York boarding school is the "carriage class." A vehicle with the proper pedal arrangements is kept in the back yard, and every day the young ladies are taught to get into and out of it with propriety and grace. Another specialty is severe training in the art of disposing of fruit and vegetables of a succulent but uncompromising nature. The achievements of the third form in oranges and the upper fifth in asparagus are said to be really poetic.

THE NEW baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary vocal powers, and had exercised them much to Johnny's annoyance. One day he said to his mother:

"My little brother came from Heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear."

Johnny was silent for some time, and then he went on:

"Say, ma."

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I don't blame the angels for bounding him, do you?"

AT NEWPORT.—"How about the bathing this year, Muesley? I understand it is out of fashion?"

"Not at all, dear boy, not at all. I take a bath every day."

"I didn't see you on the beach this morning?"

"Of course not. I don't bathe on the beach. What does a fellow want to bathe on the beach for when he's got his tub?"

Chaff.
A well-bred man—The baker.
Always in the hole—The grave digger.
His life is a perpetual grind—The miller.
A hard laboring man with a brief career—The lawyer.
A buzz-saw is most dangerous when you don't see its teeth; a bull-dog when you do.
The world owes every man a living, but some of us are finding collections very slow.
An exchange gravely inquires: "Why will men lie?" Because men will go fishing.
What a dangerous world this is, when you think of it. How very few get out of it alive!
John says the gain of his flock of sheep may be called a wether profit. Good for ewe John.

The Boston Post modestly hopes that in its eight-page form it will make just as good a bustle as ever.

There are plenty of men who won't jump from bridges, but they have no hesitation in jumping their board bills.

A New Jersey contemporary asks: "What is more mysterious than a blush?" We give it up, unless it is the blusher.

Experience was a bulky teacher. Der only trouble with him was that he gets his knowledge out when it was poorly late.

A Vermont man has invented a sleigh made of paper. Nothing new about that. We have used a paper cutter for years.

Did it ever occur to you what a funny thing a postage stamp is? Even the department can't sell it after the collector has used it.

Music has never been regarded as one of the President's strong points; nevertheless he seems to be trilling a good bass.

The difference between a hen and a lazy man is that a hen usually lays an egg every morning and a lazy man lays about a plan.

A man once came for a physician to see his child, and told him to come as soon as possible, as the child had a "spavin."

A plous old lady recently sent as wedding presents a pair of flat-irons, a rolling pin, and a motto written on cardboard, reading, "Fight on."

A man was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," chimed in his wife, "and he keeps it in a cupboard in a bottle."

A benevolent old lady gave a cent to a little street boy the other day, saying: "Now, my dear, what do you say?" The little fellow promptly responded: "Give me another."

A little girl was sitting at a table opposite a gentleman with a waxed moustache. After gazing at him for several moments, she exclaimed: "My kitty has got smellers, too!"

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Windsor's income?" Village Pastor: "No; but I have sometimes wondered what the Duke would do if he had mine."

There are little, sweet, pretty and green oases, all the way through the desert of life, but the fat man who breaks a suspender on a hot day when running to catch a train doesn't think of this.

A young man who has a good deal of spare time on his hands wishes to know of something that will keep him occupied. We can think of two things right off—getting married and tipping over a beam.

"Hello, Brown! I see you and Miss Jones are not so intimate as formerly." "But she is a nice girl, but she affected me like an ague." "Affected you like an ague? How was that?" "She shook me."

A Boston lawyer recently met his match in a witness who was giving evidence about an old lady's loss of mind. Lawyer—Did she look as I am looking at you now, for instance? Witness—Well, yes; quite vacant like.

"No," said Alice Badlam, "I don't regularly belong to the Grand Army of the Republic, but when the President visited the city I was the first man to put down the rebellion! I was the very first man that stayed at home!" So they call him "Colonel."

A correspondent writes: "It is the fashion at Bar Harbor to give afternoon teas where the men drop in dressed in their flannels," &c. Every one to his or her taste; but we should like to see a man in flannels or any other kind of tea into which men dressed in flannels had dropped.

A Vermont clergyman refused to take meat of his butcher because it had been killed on Sunday. A few days later the minister told the butcher he wanted some meat. "Haven't any to sell you," said the conscientious man. "I have stopped," said the minister, "and I am receiving money that is earned on Sunday."

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"I suffered from what the doctors called muscular rheumatism. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and am entirely cured." J. V. A. POUNDROFF, letter carrier, Chicago, Ill.

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